

GERALD DOES SOME SERIOUS SELF-FLAGELLATION

i keep telling myself,

"tomorrow i will get some writing done."

of course i have worked on
a couple of poems tonight,
and a couple last night,
and a couple the night before last.

but i keep telling myself, "tomorrow
i will get some writing done."

what i mean is that i will get
started on a hemingway paper.
or a bukowski article.
or one of the reviews of books
i have been assigned.
if i don't get started on some real writing
soon, my vacation will be over,
and i won't have written anything significant,
just these hundreds of little poems.

CATS HATE ME BECAUSE I DON'T FALL FOR THEIR BULLSHIT

the cat lands on the coffee table,
sniffs my snifter of cheap sherry,
jerks its nose away in disdain.

it does this every evening.
i consider the ritual just the
least bit supererogatory.

each time this happens,
i ask the cat.

"you gotten a good whiff of
your cat dish lately?"

WHAT NO ONE EVER TELLS THE JUST-DIVORCED HUSBAND

that if he does his laundry
in a single load
his underwear will all
turn pink.

— Gerald Locklin

Long Beach CA